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THE HIVE.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:
OR,
THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

[Continued from Page 138.

ANXIOUS to see the poor maniac, Mr. Evelyn one morning took Francis in a ch to the house where she was confined, hout acquainting him he was to meet a ther. Mrs. Edwards was brought into parlour; she appeared to be about six-twenty, of graceful figure, and tolerably dsome: her eyes wandered around with- a single glance of expression; but no ner did Crab enter the room than he rush- upon her with every demonstration of joy. e shrieked as he leaped against her, and st into a convulsive laugh.

"See!" she cried, shuddering; "there lies, bleeding!—Go, poor wretch, lick master's hands! He was kind to thee: is not proud: He will not shut his door ainst thee!" Then, holding her head h both hands, and breathing as if with ficulty, she remained sometime silent.

Mr. Evelyn approached her, and, gently king her hand, said—

"And here is Francis; do you not know m?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, wildly; "where he? The smoke blinds me—Safe! my ild—Fire! fire!"

Her outcries now became so dreadful, that e keeper was forced to silence her with a reat, which she seemed to understand, and on relapsed into her former stupor—Mr. velyn, despairing of success, soon with- rew from a scene so distressing to a feeling eart; and, after having distributed some oney among the people to purchase their ndness to the poor sufferer, and ordering er every accommodation necessary, he re- rned home. The chimney-sweeper, for he sake of a few guineas, readily consented resign the indentures; and little Francis ecame a student with Miss Georgiana, who ad masters at home to instruct her in the arious branches of education.

Miss Evelyn was a wild girl, of nine years rowth; sensible, good tempered, and of a leasing person: her father's smile was her greatest reward, his frown the direst of all calamities; yet she loved to play aunt Lucretia a trick now and then; and her mischievous sport often produced a severe reproof from her father. The introduction of young Edwards now afforded her new amusement; and, for a while, aunt Lucretia rested in peace, to the infinite discomfiture of the servants, who universally hated her, and delighted to encourage the sallies of their young lady.

Miss Lucretia remonstrated with warmth against her brother's degeneracy, in permitting his daughter to associate with a chimney-sweeper; but to this Mr. Evelyn replied:—

"It will teach her humility—chance may reduce her to indigence: my child shall not be disgraced; but I would have her estimate things by their worth, not by their name.—Henceforth remember to call the boy Francis Edwards:——he is no longer a chimney-sweeper."

Mr. Evelyn could sometimes be peremptory; he was so then, and no one dared to dispute his order.

Passing over the uninterested pursuits of childhood, we arrive at the period of our hero's being sent to a public school, where he made such rapid progress in his studies, as to leave no doubt in the mind of Mr. Evelyn as to his abilities. It was now time to determine on the trade or profession in which he was to engage; but this was a point not easily adjusted in the mind of Francis. His breast glowing with gratitude to the generous protector of his youthful fortunes, he suppressed every appearance of that aspiring spirit which seemed to kindle with his growth, and ever flashed in his eyes at the perusal of an heroic tale; and, to avoid the imputation of upstart arrogance, he stifled the regret that filled his soul when importuned by his guardian to name his future pursuit.

The person of young Edwards was adorned with every captivating grace, and his manners were easy, dignified, and insinuating. Such qualifications could not but adorn any sphere in life; and Georgiana declared, that "he looked more like a nobleman than her young hair-brained cousin, Lord Clatterton." But this was an assertion totally repugnant to the feelings of Mrs. Lucretia:—she admitted, indeed, that the youth would be well enough, if her wise brother did not spoil him, for he was civil, obliging, and well-bred; but, as for making any comparison between him and the handsome Viscount, she thought it both ridiculous and indecorous.

"Besides," she added, superciliously—"you should please to recollect, Miss Georgiana Evelyn, that Viscount Clatterton is of your own blood, by your mother's side, which is nearly as ancient as that of the Evelyn's, who can trace their pedigree back through innumerable generations; and, notwithstanding you are by many years too young to think about marriage, it is expected that a family alliance may some day take place: therefore I beg that you will never again insult the manes of our noble ancestors, by comparing any of their descendants with a chimney-sweeper, whom my brother should have made his foot-boy, had he properly considered the dignity of his family."

"So, perhaps, he might, madam," replied Georgiana, pouting, "had he known him to be of low origin; but, how can we tell that his pedigree is not as ancient as our own?—Besides, I wonder, aunt, that you have not more liberality of mind, with *your* noble birth, than to call the poor lad by that odious name, when you know that you are the only one dares to mention it!"

"Indeed, miss, you grow very pert, methinks!——and I suppose that you imbibe your romantic notions from the novel you read the other day in my room, which that stupid girl brought me, instead of Mrs. Moore's Strictures."

"No, indeed, aunt," returned Georgiana, "I am not weak enough to suffer a fiction to mislead my senses; and I beg you to believe me, when I affirm, that I consider a few interesting incidents merely as an ingenious fabrication to lead the attention thro' the probable contingencies of life, to the contemplation of virtues that may be acquired without suffering romantic enthusiasm to mislead my judgment, or dazzle my senses."

"Ah! you depend too much on your own understanding. The senses are mislead sooner than you imagine; and you are a foolish, conceited girl."

Though this rebuke wounded the pride of Georgiana, it did not ruffle her temper: her respect and veneration of her father, made her ever behave with modest deference towards his sister; and the infirmities of temper which she beheld in her, made her rather more solicitous to regulate her own, by stifling every propensity to petulance, which disgusts in youth, and, when encouraged, renders age insupportable. Nor had she ever, in memory, transgressed so far as she had done in behalf of the innocent object of her aunt's acrimony: yet Georgiana had a spirit that would not crouch to injustice; while good sense ever enabled her to controul it in such a manner, as evinced, that while she could stoop, she would not be trampled upon.

A few weeks passed away, and Francis came home from school. Mr. Evelyn found, with infinite concern, that he did not enjoy a good state of health: he grew fast, and a consumptive habit seemed settling upon him. Georgiana was assiduous in her attentions, and it was with the most tender gratitude that he received them. His mind was not quite at ease: yet he stifled his internal struggles, and appeared tranquil and happy. Every hour seemed to bring to him some new perplexity; and the artless affection of Georgiana, readily perceived through the medium of sympathy, brought an additional pang to the agitated heart of Edwards.

The season of fashion brought the young Viscount to London, with a blooming countenance, an athletic person, a generous heart, cheerful temper, independant master of his capital fortune, and major in a regiment of foot, at twenty-four!——Such was Clatterton. He visited at Mr. Evelyn's with the familiarity which relationship inspired; and it was conjectured by some that he already regarded Miss Evelyn with a partial eye.—When children they had been constant companions, romped together, and seemed happy in the company of each other; but a few years had wrought more of a change in the manners of Georgiana than in those of her cousin. Though ever cheerful and gay, she was no longer the playful hoyden he had known her: a modest diffidence marked her deportment; and she had a chaste dignified mien which never failed to keep presumption at a distance. While only sixteen, Georgiana possessed the happy talent of attracting esteem and admiration by her arch playfulness and sweetness of temper, and commanded respect by the propriety of her demeanor.

Francis was introduced to Lord Clatterton as the orphan whose merits, as well as misfortunes, entitled him to the favor he experienced from the family; and Mr. Evelyn, in the course of conversation, expressed his regret that his indifferent state of health retarded his determination with respect to his establishment.

"If his constitution is so weak," said Clatterton, "it will be death to the young man to chain him to a sedentary occupation. Put him under my wing: I can give him a pair of colours in my own regiment; and, if he must die, he may as well march out of this world with an honorable passport; and I hope his billet will be signed for good quarters: but, perhaps, air and exercise may bring him about among us.——What think you, Edwards?"

The eyes of Francis glistened; and, bowing his thanks, he said:—

"I am fully sensible of your Lordship's goodness, and should certainly prefer the army, did my birth and expectations justify the choice: as it is, I must remain content in a less distinguished sphere; and feel gratified by the reflection of becoming an useful member of society, less distinguished, though not less beneficial, to the commonwealth."

"What an absurd fellow!" returned Clatterton, "I tell you, that you are not fit for the board of a mechanic, or the desk of a scribe. Whatever your birth or expectations may be, the army is as good a profession as any for overlooking such considerations. Some proud puppies may strut in scarlet, and hold their heads high; but true soldiers are all brothers, share one common fare, one general danger; and if a man acts with honor in fulfilling the duties of his station, a fig for other qualifications.——In the field, there have been many brave officers who had neither rank nor pedigree to boast (nay aunty—no prim looks!): there is courage among commoners as well as lords.—As for money, I own you will suffer some inconveniences among us upon that account; but, if you will keep down false pride, and regulate your expences within moderate bounds your pay will serve you. I will give an eye to your promotion, and see that you are not played upon; for I have taken a fancy to you, 'pon my soul!" [*TO BE CONTINUED.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

THE DEVIL AND DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

Devil.—Avaunt, caitiff! you sha'n't bleed me—begone, bloodsucker! no doctor nor devil shall ever shed a drop of my blood.

Doctor.—Why do you send for me if you understand the healing art better yourself? It is very rascally treatment, let me tell you, good doctor Devil, to call upon a physician, ask his advice, then laugh at him, and take your own way: if you know better, why call upon me, unless to insult me?—You must be bled or you will die.

Devil.—Let me die then.

Doctor.—Bleeding must be a bad Mr. Devil, as it is worse than death.

Devil.—I have too little blood alre You had better give me a quart or blood, than take a drop from me.

Doctor.—Well now, good Devil, hear your objections to bleeding—lea as usual, secundum artem.

Devil.—Why bleeding in the first is death.—Does not the pig die und butcher's hands, by bleeding?—Does calf die in like manner, by bleeding?— not every thing die that is bled?

Doctor.—I hope you do not suppos I am going to bleed you as a butcher a pig or a calf.

Devil.—Bleeding is bleeding, and followed by death:—every man that dies after it:—that is all I know about

Doctor.—So does every person th die after it: dear Devil, as you are a rational fellow than most of my patien I will reason with you on the subject, hope I shall be able to convince you man may lose blood and live after man has between twenty-five and t eight pounds of blood. Doctor Halle us in his Elementa Physiologia, of a who lost twenty-two pounds of blood time from his nose—another lost eig pounds—a third twelve—a fourth nine. lost twenty-two pounds from the lung vomiting—another twelve.—In none o instances was death the consequence of great evacuations of blood. The rege tion of blood is rapid. A person (Dr. ler says) lost five pounds of blood another lost seventy-five pounds in ten A gentleman at Angola lost between and four pounds daily from his nose. cure it he was bled ninety-seven times in year. A young woman was bled 1020 t in one year:—All these persons recov Vide Elementa Physiologia, vol. 4. page

I will not bleed you, my dear sir, as butcher bleeds his pig or his calf: the bu er opens the carotids, the pig dies, the makes his exit——so would you go to D Jones, inevitably, if I should open your rotids. I ask liberty only to open a s vein which I can stop at will. May it pl your Devilship, my dear fellow, let me scribe for you, and I will do every thing my power for your relief.

Devil.—I had rather send for the than you to prescribe for me; if bleed calomel and jalap, will cure me, you ca it. I will prescribe for myself; I thi am too weak to be bled.

Doctor.—I advise you, Mr. Devil, to thinking or pretending to think on me subjects; you never think, nor can you th nor did you ever think, nor will you think—you have no business to think, let think for you, who will pay you for thinki It is my business to think.

Devil.—You young dog a'n't I old enough to be your father, and you have the impudence to talk to me in this manner?

Doctor.—You are young in knowledge, good Mr. Devil, though old in years.

Devil.—I am too old to be taken in by gallipot-washers; catch young birds with chaff; you can't catch old ones. I know more than any doctor. I can cure any thing, every thing: if people would apply to me, no body would ever die.

Doctor.—Dear Devil, the world would be overstocked if you would have the goodness to condescend to practise physic: the business of omnivorous Death would be done over; the grim tyrant would be defeated in all his attacks, and must turn his hand to some other vocation to make a living. Pray, my dear sir, may I ask your Satanic reverence how you came by this superior knowledge?

Devil.—Hem! I never thought of that before! O yes, I can tell you—I read an Almanac once and there I saw such cures, and I once saw a newspaper that would make a doctor of any body.

Doctor.—I presumed you had made the tour of Europe, and had taken degrees in every medical school in every country in the world.

Devil.—No I have not; but I know more than those who have done so. Haller, Boerhaave, Van Sweitan, Zimmerman, Brown, Hunter, Darwin, Rush, &c. are fools to me. I will not be bled: bleeding is depletion, depletion is evacuation, and evacuation is debilitation.

Doctor.—Good Devil, be equally cautious of the other evacuations, lest you faint under the debilitating operation. You must take mercury then, if your obstinacy will not submit to phlebotomy.

Devil.—Take your mercury yourself, dear doctor—none of your mercury for me: —my character, in that respect, stands fair; however base detractors may represent me in other respects.

Doctor.—Your infernal Doctorship must pardon me: I mean no insinuations against your immaculate character; but the only medicine for your case is mercury.

Devil.—Devil take the mercury! it would get into my bones.

Doctor.—Your bones! Rot your bones.

Devil.—Yes, it would rot my bones.

Doctor.—You must take bark then.

Devil.—Bark! Devil take the bark for me, bark gets into the bones too; I must take care of my bones; a poor body without bones.

Doctor.—Pray, doctor Devil, what would you prescribe?

Devil.—Aye, now you are beginning to come to your senses; take advice, hear and learn:—but, believe me, I would not communicate my skill to any other, nor must you divulge. First, touch me with the hand of a seventh son—2dly, tie an eelskin round me—3dly, give me nine drops of black cat's blood—4thly, write *ABRACADABRA*, fold it, don't let me see it, sew it in my clothes—5thly, put a four-leaved clover in my shoe under my left great toe—6thly, open a black chicken alive, and bind it to the soles of my feet—7thly, nail a horse-shoe on the door—8thly, stroke me with the metallic points—9thly, put me in a waggon and gallop me over the turnpike to Philadelphia and back. —But I am too sick now—the rest another time.

—

To the Editor of The Hive.

SIR,

I HAVE to charge you with a very capital neglect in the execution of your office—I mean, your neglect of Love, and its interests. Though these times, with respect to Love, are such times as never were before, and though many individuals in the present age have done such things as never were done before, yet are you dumb---dumb---grave and dumb----like the man in black before a burial.....What are you about? Have you eyes, and do you not look around you? Do you not see that all are busy?—That young people are *at it*-----*at it*; and that old people are *about it*-----and *about it?* Are not lovers so very plenty, that nothing can exceed them in number—but cuckolds? Do not all people, from lively fourteen up to lean fourscore, tune the melting lay to love? Once more then, Mr. Editor, what are you about?—Deuce take you! You must be some grave old toad, not worth a kiss, to be so indifferent!

Well, but my business with you, is this: I want you to open *A School of Love!*----- You need not stare so much: I repeat it—*A School of Love!*----a thing which many of my acquaintance stand in need of at present—not excepting myself, as you shall hear by and by.

Now my idea is this:—I have observed, that in some publications there are receptacles open for the solution of various questions in the sciences: for instance, for the solution of questions in *Law*, we have Lawyer's corners; in other places, questions in *Physic*, are answered; and *Mathematical* problems are unravelled;—why not, then, a place for solving questions in the greatest of all arts—the art of *Love?*----that universal art, which occupies at once—all eyes—all hearts—all thoughts.

I need not point out to you the many mistakes that are daily committed, in the science of Love, for want of a judicious monitor. My poor cousin, Harriet, died for love of Sir Harry P——, (as she said) for her love was too deep for her to live; whereas, to my certain knowledge, it was not Sir Harry she was in love with, but Sir Harry's *phaeton and four*. Now this was a fair deception; and had such a thing as the *School of Love* been existing, she might have stated her case, and been informed of her real malady, and why she died; for surely, of all the vexations under the sun, there is none so great as to die——one does not know for what; which was exactly Harriet's case, who, instead of dying for a *man*, as she thought, really died for *four horses* and a *what d'ye call it*.

To prevent mistakes of this kind in future, Mr. Editor, permit me to open the *School of Love*, to be continued by yourself and correspondents. When man or woman has a doubt in love affairs, which requires to be solved, or is so circumstanced as to require advice, let him, let her, let all, apply here: where will they find such able counsellors as in the *School of Love?*——But I have done with my prologue:—Come, now to the thing itself.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE.

Two Questions Proposed.

I. The first and most natural question in this school—what so many pretend to know, and what so few understand—is, "*What is Love?*"

II. "*How many Lovers may a Lady entertain at one time, without being a Coquette?*"

I am, sir, your's, &c. CELIA.

The other side of the River.

To Correspondents.

J. E's Parody came too late for publication this week—it shall appear in our next.

A BACHELOR, for a similar reason, is postponed 'till our next.

LAURA to DAMON, is under consideration.

ORLANDO's communications are also under consideration.

A SUBSCRIBER, is rather incorrect. We advise him to leave off writing poetry.

Our facetious correspondent, who communicates such EXTRAORDINARY advertisements, must have a little patience.

POLEMIC SOCIETY.

Lancaster, February 11, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment: and there not being a sufficient number of Members present to enter into a discussion of the proposed question, the Society adjourned 'till Saturday evening next.

By Order of the Society,

JAMES M'CULLOUCH, *Sec'ry.*

—

Lancaster, February 18, 1804.

THE Society met pursuant to adjournment, and discussed the following Question:—

"*Is a high degree of sensibility conducive to happiness?*"

And after considerable debate, it was determined in the negative.

Question for Saturday Evening next.

"*Is luxury an evil in the existing state of society?*"

By Order of the Society,

JOHN M. MILLER, *Sec'ry.*

POETRY.

The Sensitive Plant and the Rose-bud.

YOUNG Celia was fair, and her ripening charms
All the swains in the village confess'd;
The joy of her mother was mix'd with alarms,
And her fears she thus gently express'd:—

"This Sensitive Plant, my dear Celia, look here
How it modestly shrinks from the touch:
Its foliage recedes, if your hand but draws near—
'The reserve of a maid should be such.'

"What nature has taught to this delicate flow'r,
Let a mother's fond counsels impart:
When the shepherds approach my dear Celia's bow'r,
Let my shepherdess look to her heart.

"The breath of a lover is full of deceit,
And oft blights the fair blossoms of youth:
Though ardent his vows and his flattery sweet,
You will rarely find merit or truth.

"But chiefly avoid the licentious hand,
That would boldly your beauties invade;
The intruder repel, or you'll soon understand,
All the griefs of a maiden betray'd."

Advis'd by her mother, fair Celia resolv'd,
Like a Sensitive Plant she would prove:
Alas! all her firm resolutions dissolv'd
When young Damon approach'd in the grove.

He presented a Rose-bud, whose opening bloom
Might the bosom of beauty adorn;
And which, as it blush'd, scatter'd fragrant perfume,
Adding sweets to the breath of the morn.

He bid her observe, when contracted its leaves,
Its full beauties it cannot disclose;
But when it the breath of young zephyr receives,
Soon the Rose-bud expands to a Rose.

"O, thou fairest of flow'rs, dear Celia, he cries,
Your chaste beauties are still in the bud:
The hand of a lover, his lips and his eyes,
Of young beauty and love are the food.

"Then grant me, thou heavenly maid, a sweet kiss,
And dismiss cold reserve and alarm;
May this be the prelude to rapture and bliss,
When my shepherdess yields me her charms."

Fair Celia approv'd of the moral she heard,
And the truths which the flowers disclose;
Her judgment approv'd, she no longer preferr'd
The coy Sensitive Plant to the Rose.

Her mother, in vain, her kind lessons renews,
In vain ev'ry argument tries;
Fair Celia no longer her counsels pursues,
But, determin'd and firm, thus replies:—

"Dear mother, at length, I must tell you my mind,
'Tis my fix'd resolution to prove
A *Sensitive Plant* to the rest of mankind,
But a *Rose* to the shepherd I love!"

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

FROM DARWIN.

"NO radient pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others woes."

——"The *Slave*, in chains, on supplicating knee,
Spreads his wide arms, and lifts his eyes to thee;
With hunger pale, with wounds and toil oppress'd,
"*Are we not Brethren?*" sorrow choaks the rest;
—*Air!* bear to heaven upon the azure flood
Their innocent cries! *Earth!* cover not their blood!"

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

SOL's bright robe deck'd the approaching even,
And gently fell the balmy due from heaven:
The sportive zephyrs rustled through the groves,
Wafting the love-strains of the faithful doves;
The nightingale began her evening song,
While echoing hills did the soft notes prolong;
The tender lambkins, innocently gay,
Frisk'd o'er the meads in harmless sport and play,
When lovely Delia and her loving swain
Together met upon a village plain.
Love's golden chain did them as one unite—
And love bestow'd them ev'ry pure delight;
Happy to love, and bless'd to feel belov'd,
Their looks evinced that their hearts were prov'd.
They met—embrac'd—then Damon silence broke,
And thus to Delia in fond accents spoke:—
"Here first I saw thee, thou enchanting maid,
In all the charms of Innocence array'd:
As here I view'd thee with a wishful eye,
My bosom then first heav'd a lover's sigh,
A thousand anxious thoughts my mind oppress'd—
A thousand feelings discompos'd my breast;
I faintly hoped to possess these charms,
And clasp this beauteous form within my arms:
My hopes now crown'd, no more do fears annoy,
A lover's pleasure or a lover's joy;
Heav'n will for us its richest blessings spread,
And love around us his sweet influence shed."
Then press'd her lips—she felt her bosom glow,
And from her eyes the tears began to flow;—
"Ah me!" she cri'd, "what bliss can love impart—
'Tis bliss too great, o'erpow'rs my feeble heart."

[*H. Bal.*] C.

EPIGRAM ON SLEEP.

BY P. PINDAR.

COME, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair,
How sweet, thus LIFELESS, yet WITH FIFE, to lie,
Thus, WITHOUT DYING, O how sweet TO DIE!

A CURE FOR POETRY.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

HUMORIST.

SWEET SYMPATHETIC SENSIBILITY

——SO, Miss Hectic died this mo ing of a consumption. She was no m than seventeen—a sweet girl.

Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing *What's trumps?*

The man is dead, my dear, whom we ployed to clear the mouth of the well beh our house, and which he fell into.

Is he? I thought he could not recover *Play a spade, madam.*

There were upwards of four thous killed in the last engagement. How m childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! how many indeed!——*The odd tr is our's.*

The captain is now reduced to such verty, that I am told it would be a charity send a joint of meat to his family.

That's hard.—*I have not a heart, ind sir.*

He fell on his head, and has been del ous ever since, and the physicians have hopes that he will ever recover the us his reason.

Oh! I recollect, he rode against some dy.—*Play a spade, if you please.*

The prospect to the poor this winter dreadful, indeed. There will be a power appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives so much in cha ty.—*I'll bet you a crown on the game.*

George, madam, George, I am sorry say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday

You don't say so!——*I had two honors my own hand.*

Yes; and as misfortunes never come alo his mother and sister are in a state of d traction.

Dear me! that's bad.—*Single, double, the rub.*

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

To town subscribers, and country s scribers who receive their papers in to TWO DOLLARS per annum—payable in ha yearly advances.

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